

WHY SHE REFUSED HIM

By Tom Masson

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

He reached forward, and took her hand in his. For a moment—it seemed to him only an instant of time, and yet it was just long enough to convey its own meaning—she allowed it to remain. Then she withdrew it.

He was a wise young man. If he had attempted to pursue even this infinitesimal advantage, and to reach forward again, doubtless he would have been rebuffed in that queenly manner which upon occasion she could so easily command.

And so he was content to wait, and change the subject.

It is proper to state, however, that the new subject was more in line with his real train of thought than the old. They had, when he made his advance, been talking on the commonplace topic of the latest historical novel.

Now he turned slowly, and looked her squarely in the eye.

"I'm going to marry you," he said. "Are you indeed? When did you make up your mind to that?"

"Oh, some time ago. I mean it, you know."

"And lose a million?"

He turned again, abruptly.

"How did you know anything about that?" he asked.

"Your father told me."

"When?"

"Oh, some time ago. He called."

"Why, you must have known then."

"That you wanted to marry me? No, I didn't. All I knew was that you had spoken to your father about it. You know you might have changed your mind—afterward."

He smiled grimly.

"What you mean," he said, "is this: that I thought it best to consult the governor first, and find out where I stood with him, before I found out where I stood with you."

"Yes."

He got up and took a turn around the room.

"Well, that wasn't exactly it," he continued. "You see, if I had had any doubt about marrying you, I wouldn't have done that—I would have gone for you first, and let the rest go. I meant business, and I thought it ought to be done right. Besides, I said to myself: 'If the old man turns me down, then my conscience is clear.'"

She apparently unheeded the last part of his remark.

"May I ask," she said, "what made you so sure of me?"

"I wasn't. But I was sure of myself. I knew the girl I wanted. That is everything in love."

"You seem to have gotten very wise all of a sudden."

He grasped the top of the tarnished gilt chair with both hands, and leaned against it hard, as he looked into her eyes.

"I've knocked around some," he said. "Since I've left college, I've run with the Newport crowd and the high people in town. I've had a lot of girls thrown my way, but I wouldn't give a white chip for the whole gang. I've seen them at their best and worst. They're all right—some of them. It's the life I don't fancy. I don't care for the pace."

It was her turn to smile.

"But there's nothing about me," she said, "that ought to specially recommend itself to you. Why, I even have to earn my own living."

"But your grandmother didn't, did she?"

"Why, no, I suppose not. She was a Puritan."

"Well, mine did. I've heard the governor tell the story. So what's the difference? A few years of time more or less, a generation or so."

She opened her eyes rather wide.

"You seem to have taken on such a sudden weight of accumulated philosophy," she said, "that I hardly recognize you. Where's Jack Wakefield, member of 29 clubs; the great polo player, the howling swell? That sort of fellow doesn't go with such depth as this."

"Can't a man do that sort of thing, and still be a man?"

"Why, of course; but they don't go together as a rule—"

"Well, maybe you did that for me, or maybe the governor got mad, I don't know which. He's lived so much by himself, of late years, that the old fellow is crabbed, I guess. But he did turn me down hard."

"What did he say?"

"I don't know that I can rehearse it all—it was some time ago. But the main point was that, if I married you, he'd disinherit me. My allowance would continue, but no more. He must have gone direct to you to make a sure thing of it, didn't he?"

She turned her head slowly, and looked far away out of the dingy window, beyond the street, past the whirl of the great town, into the unknown distance.

"Yes," she said, "several times. He doesn't want you to marry me. Not a bit."

"Well, it doesn't make any difference to me whether he does or not. I can go out and hustle for myself. Money isn't everything."

The boarding house bell rang—not an unusual occurrence. Outside there was the slow snorting of an automobile.

He drew nearer to her. Again he took her hand.

"Helen, dear," he said, "what's the answer?"

She brushed away a tear.

"I cannot marry you," she said. "You're too good for me."

He laughed—a spontaneous, hearty laugh.

"That's a good joke," he said. "Too good for you. Ha! Look here! Let's be honest with each other. I've had

"Money isn't Everything."

slathers of money, and there's nothing in it. Why spoil the game just because of a paltry million? I tell you, it's all right. I assure you, I'll never mention the matter again. We can live."

She shook her head.

"I cannot marry you," she said. "You don't love anyone else, do you?"

There was no answer.

"I know what it is," he said. "It's your pride. Never mind! I can wait. Of course, it's embarrassing for you. You don't care anything about the money, of course, but your conscience troubles you about my losing it—naturally. Well, never mind, I'll show you! But now, dear, can't you give me some little word of encouragement?"

A capless maid entered the musty drawing room, holding in her red fingers a card.

"For you, miss," said the maid.

"Very well, Martha. Ask him into the small reception room, as usual."

Then she held out the missive to him.

"I am afraid," she said, "there is no hope for you. You see, I am going to marry this gentleman."

He took in the familiar name in one burning glance.

"The governor?" he exclaimed.

READY TO GO FAR

REPUBLICANS DESPERATE IN EFFORT TO KEEP CONTROL.

Seek to Prevent the Admission of Oklahoma into the Union because It Would Be Democratic State.

Conspiracies are becoming epidemic, and conspirators seem determined to ruin the Republican party. It is only a few days ago the country was startled by the statement from the White House that a conspiracy, capitalized for \$5,000,000, was on foot to urge the candidacy of Fairbanks or Foraker or some other eminent republican as the candidate for president. This was regarded by President Roosevelt as a plot against "my policy," though hitherto it has been considered no crime for any combination of men to urge candidates they desire to be nominated.

Now another conspiracy has been launched to prevent Oklahoma from being admitted into the Union, on the ground that the referendum and the powers of the railroad commission for which the new constitution provides are not Republican in principle, but are presumably too Democratic to suit the Republican bosses. The real opposition to admitting Oklahoma by the Republican managers is the fact that the people of the state will elect Democrats as state officers and perhaps a solid Democratic delegation to the coming congress at the election on August 6 next. And worse still for Republican prospects, the voters of Oklahoma will undoubtedly elect seven electors at the next national election who will vote for the Democratic nominees for president and vice president.

As those seven electoral votes may have the deciding voice as to who shall be the next president, it is no wonder the Republican managers are hatching up a conspiracy to defeat the admission of this Democratic state, and that their railroad and trust allies are ready and willing to help them. Representative James E. Watson of Indiana who is the Republican "whip" of the house of representatives, the active agent of the conspirators, thinks the Oklahoma constitution is un-Republican and says the chief objection is to the initiative and referendum system whereby the people of Oklahoma are given the power to do "all sorts of mischief." That conclusion must be reached on the Hamiltonian theory, that the people are unable to govern themselves.

Then, again, these Democrats of Oklahoma have had the audacity to provide in the proposed constitution for the real control of the railroads and trusts, which, of course, is viewed with alarm by the Republican leaders, and "their opinion is," says Mr. Watson, "that it is not a constitution, but rather a conglomerate of statutes based upon populist ideas," all of which shows the way the wind really blows in the Republican camp on the issue of controlling the railroads and curbing the trusts, and how little can be expected in that direction of the coming congress, controlled as it is by these Republican leaders. President Roosevelt has been invited by these Republican leaders to join in the conspiracy to keep Oklahoma out of the union by declaring, under some technicality, that the new constitution does not provide for a Republican form of government. As the conspirators are the "reactionaries" of the Republican party, who are also conspiring to defeat the nomination of the candidate for president whom President Roosevelt selects, it is hardly possible that he will pull the conspirators' chestnuts out of the fire by joining to defeat the wishes and aspirations of the people of Oklahoma.

When the Democrats swept Oklahoma last year, it was a surprise to the Republicans. Then the conspirators met and agreed that any and all means must be used to keep Oklahoma out of the union. Speaker Cannon and Vice President Fairbanks are conspiring to accomplish this, just as they really are conspirators against President Roosevelt, whether to defeat him for a third term, if it should come to that, or to nominate Taft or anyone else that would perpetuate his policies. Therefore conspirators and conspiracies are plaguing the Republican party and may be its undoing.

Explanation Seems Needed.

The number of failures last month as reported by Dun's Mercantile Agency was 1,017, and a year ago for the same month 980. The liabilities this year exceeded 1906 by over 65 per cent. This shows that the trust prosperity is not so general as our Republican friends would have us believe.

"The old adage that 'The king can do no wrong' is exemplified in the mental attitude of the vast mass of American people toward President Roosevelt," remarked Hon. William H. Eustis, ex-mayor of Minneapolis, at the Arlington.—Washington Herald.

The Reason.

Between the tariff on steel and the state house contracts it is no wonder Pennsylvania is a land of millionaires.—Kansas City Times.

"Bells of Shandon."

In one of the dormitories of the Irish college at Rome there is a space on the wall left unpainted and unpainted, whatever repairs the rest of the room may undergo, for there, carefully scrawled, is the first rough draft of Father Prout's "Bells of Shandon."—Sunday Magazine.

Should Be Worth Reading.

The London Building Journal hears that two distinguished architects, noted for their forceful language, are about to issue a book on "The Bricklayer's English," with an appendix of special words by an American building superintendent.

Where Rogues Begin Early.

An eight-year-old Pennsylvania boy has been arrested for robbing a post office. They begin early in Pennsylvania, though they generally display more shrewdness about getting caught.—Washington Herald.

HOME TRADE FABLE

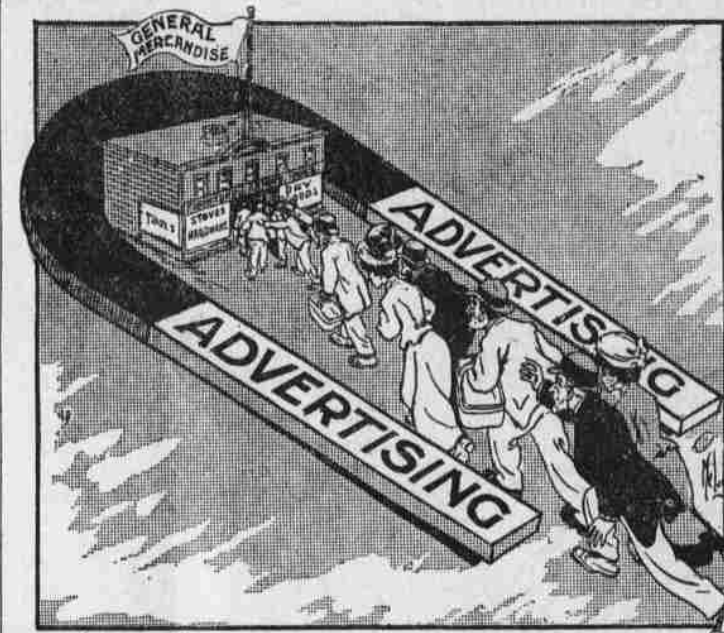
HOW THE TRANSFORMATION OF A TOWN WAS EFFECTED.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

One Public Spirited Citizen Who Realized the Big Possibilities and Cultivated the Field to Advantage.

Once upon a time there was a Man, who in his youth was reared upon a farm located near a Small Town of Great Promise. Two weeks in each year when he was not sawing wood, feeding the stock or picking potatoes, he was allowed to attend the little red schoolhouse in the town. By hard labor during the day, and persistently reading a few old books which were heirlooms in his family, and each week absorbing the intelligence contained in the Weekly Mirror, he, by the time he could mark down his age at 18 years, had accumulated sufficient knowledge to run away from home. He wandered to a large city and there his great muscular power assisted to gain for himself a position as Chief Scrubber in a large store. He had not acquired the cigarette habit, and his faithfulness to his scrubbing brush, and his unwillingness to know all about his employer's business, soon attracted the attention of the Old Man, and at the end of a year he was promoted to Head Rustler in the shipping department at the large salary of eight dollars a week.

His disregard for scooting when the closing time came, and his total lack of swelled head so pleased the Old Man that from time to time the ambitious youth was advanced until at the end of six years he was drawing the biggest salary paid by the house, and



The advertising magnate will draw trade to the stores of our community just as the advertising of the catalogue houses is now drawing it away from the home store. The people are interested in the store news of this town. Will you not give it to them?

soon he was taken in as a member of the firm. Age and hard knocks and brushes with the business world developed in him marked business acumen. He forged to the front as a financier and a public-spirited citizen. As years passed he prospered. Early and late he was ever looking after his vast business interests. There were times that he longed to be again in the small home town. Often in his youth he dreamed of some day being chairman of the village board. Only once since parting from the old home town he had returned, and then to find the town just the same only a little more dilapidated, and in the weed-overgrown kirkyard the neglected graves of his good parents.

Strenuous business life and assiduous attention to the accumulation of capital without vacation, caused him to suffer from what the doctors pronounced neurasthenia, and advised total rest from mental effort. The man had labored too diligently in amassing money. Residence in a quiet place was recommended and retirement from all commercial worries. The Great Merchant sold his vast interests to a combine, and after careful thought, concluded that health would seek rest and a renewal of health in the town where he at one time attended the little red schoolhouse, and where in childhood imagination he would be powerful and famous by becoming chairman of the village board. Accordingly he retired from the city, purchased the old homestead where he was reared and picked potatoes, and also built a residence and became a Great Factor in the town. Time had made few changes in the landscape. Buildings and streets were the same, only showing the ravages of decay. The old stores were in possession of the descendants of the owners who conducted them when he was a boy. They were not doing the business that they should. One great innovation was the town had a railroad. All about was suggestive of peace. It was an ideal place for a man who desired to pass his declining days in contemplation of the hereafter. There, life was much like unto death. There was fresh air in abundance. All of nature lavishly spent its beauty over the country and the town, and even the weeds on the streets were allowed to spring up, bloom and "each maturity without interruption by the scythe or the sickle."

Within a year the Retired Business Man had regained much of his old-time spirit and health. Habits of activity and love of business impelled him to once again seek work that would keep his mind occupied. He loved the old town. He saw that it needed new life. He figured out that there were 600 farmers in the neighborhood. Each farmer surely spent \$50 a month somewhere for supplies. This meant a total of \$30,000 a month; \$360,000 a year. Then the few hundred people in the town would add other thousands to the volume of business. Why not build a great store and supply the wants of the people? He would spend some money and build up the town. He bought half a block on which three of the stores stood.

He erected a large brick building, and soon he had installed in it great stocks of goods. Other merchants in the town shook their heads. The Public-Spirited Man was certainly crazy. Farmers when they came to town looked up the big building with wonder. The Weekly Mirror had to send away for type to set up the page advertisement for the new store, and to get a new press for the printing of circulars and posters.

One month after the opening of the store the graveyard quietness of the town had passed away. Streets were lined with the teams and the wagons of the farmers. A new elevator for grain had been started. The railroad placed a new switch in the yard to accommodate the increased business. The son of the old town blacksmith reopened the old shop closed for years because of no trade. New life was rapidly being injected into the place.

There was an election. A lot of newcomers selected the Public Spirited Citizen for chairman of the town board. He was elected. In six months the streets were paved, an electric lighting plant was in operation, along with a water works. The Great Store-keeper had a way of doing things, and he did them. News of the activity of the town reached near-by villages, and the people came to see the Big Store and to buy goods. A cold storage plant in connection with a new commission house operated by friends of the Storekeeper, caused Farmers to bring in tons of butter and hundreds of thousands of eggs, and chickens and other produce. The transformation was quick from a Dead Town to a Lively Small City. A high school was established, new churches built, and some of the pious people were shocked to see an opera house erected. The Pan-Handle & Skedunk railroad, which for years had been running 20 miles from the town so changed its route as to have it on the main line, so the place had two railroads. Enterprising men who wanted

WORK OF TRUE GENIUS.

Rivers' Ingeniously Baited Trap Was Worthy of Success.

Rivers was sitting at his desk, with an unfinished page of manuscript before him, deeply absorbed in thought. Brooks entered the room.

"What's the matter, old chap?" asked Brooks.

Rivers looked up with a heavy smile.

"I am struggling with a conundrum," he said.

"Let's have it."

"It isn't finished yet."

"How far have you got?"

"All I've written is the answer: 'One is a planked shad, and the other is a planked shank. I've got to have a question for it.'"

"That's easy. All you need is something Scotch, isn't it?"

"By George!" exclaimed Rivers, grabbing his hat. "I believe you're right. Thanks, dear boy! I'll make it a hot Scotch."

Brooks glared at him, but he took him out.—Chicago Tribune.

It has been calculated that the cost of a muddy day in London is something like \$25,000. This is not surprising, says Tit-Bits, when one remembers that no fewer than 32 tons of mud are carried about from place to place on the wheels of carts and carriages and horses' hoofs. After a wet day the dry mud brushed from people's clothing amounts to 15 tons, and a very similar amount is shaken out of the door mats. City mud, however, has its good points. The shoeblack increases his earnings in the muddy weather, and new silk hats and dresses and boots and shoes are each and all the direct outcome of its destructive qualities.

Sunshine the Great Disinfectant.

Let plenty of sunshine into your house. Sunshine is the greatest of disinfectants. It will also discourage "bugs" of all kinds, great and small. No room is fit to inhabit if the sun doesn't shine full into it for a couple of hours daily. Carpets and hangings? Yes, of course it will fade them. If you value your carpets and hangings more than the health of yourself and family by all means keep out the sun.

It Depends.

"Do you believe in the survival of the fittest?" "Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "I suppose I am like most people in that respect. My opinion depends a good deal on how fit I happen to be feeling myself."

That an article may be good as well as cheap, and give entire satisfaction, is proven by the extraordinary sale of DeLancey Starch, each package containing one-third more Starch than can be had of any other brand for the same money.

His Use for It.

"Yeh," said Tommy, "pa gave me a watch to carry when I started in at school this fall." "My!" exclaimed Aunt Jane. "That's nice, isn't it?" "Yeh;" "cause as soon as I get in school in the mornin' I kin look at it an' see how many minutes I'm late."

By following the directions, which are plainly printed on each package of DeLancey Starch, Men's Collars and Cuffs can be made just as stiff as desired, with either gloss or domestic finish. Try it, 15 oz. for 10c, sold by all good grocers.

Nothing Doing.

"I've worked for the party faithfully for the past 20 years," began the office-seeker, "and I can say with truth that I never once asked for any office—"

"Glorious record!" put in the party leader. "I wouldn't think of urging you to break it. Keep it up."

To be on good terms with human nature Be Well! Garfield Tea purifies the blood, eradicates disease, regulates the digestive organs and brings Good Health! Manufactured by Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. Sold by druggists.

A Bright Man.

"Yes, he is very bright." "Always says the right thing at the right time. I suppose?" "Better than that; he always keeps still at the right time."

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer*
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
900 DROPS
ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.
Beware of cheap imitations.
Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.
Facsimile Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer*
NEW YORK.
At 6 months old 35 Doses = 35 CENTS
Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Never Judge what a man knows by his knowing look.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough. See a bottle.

We cannot understand a character greater than our own until something congenial to it has grown up within ourselves.—Whipple.

FITZ, St. Vitus Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Work of Trained Carman.
Eight trained carmen pulling a boat exert about two horsepower.

PALE, WEAK PEOPLE

MADE STRONG AND ENERGETIC BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

General Breakdown Caused by Deficient Blood Quickly Corrected by This Tonic Remedy.

A feeling of general weakness, poor appetite, loss of breath after the slightest exercise and broken sleep are some of the symptoms of general debility. You may think that they have no relation to each other and that you will worry along, hoping all the time to feel better soon. This is a mistake, for every one of the symptoms is caused by bad blood, which must be made pure and new before health will be restored again. A tonic treatment is necessary and for this purpose there is no better remedy than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mr. J. G. Haver, of 95 Willow St., Chelsea, Mass., says: "I was sick for a number of years from general debility and indigestion. I was never free from stomach trouble and my nerves were so shattered that the least excitement unfitted me for any serious work. My sleep was restless on account of terrible pains in the muscles of my back. Those pains would sometimes last for a month or two. My sight grew weak, there seeming to be a blur constantly before my eyes. I couldn't concentrate my mind on my work, and the attempt to do so completely exhausted me."

"I was finally forced to give up a position I had held for twenty-some years. After trying several medicines without help, I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and gave them a trial. They made me feel so much better and so much stronger that I started in business for myself here in Chelsea. I have never had a return of my former sickness and cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as an excellent nerve and blood tonic."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have long been recognized as an excellent tonic remedy in cases of indigestion and general debility, where the stomach and other organs of the body are weakened and disordered simply through lack of proper nourishment. They have also been especially successful in curing anemia, rheumatism, after-effects of the grip and fevers.

A pamphlet on "Diseases of the Blood," and a copy of our diet book will be sent free on request to anyone interested.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
For Hot, Tired, Aching, Swollen Feet.
SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes tight or new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, itchy, aching feet. 30,000 testimonials. Try it today. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe stores. 25c. Don't accept a substitute. Trial package FREE. Address, *Allen's Foot-Ease Co., LeRoy, N. Y., U.S.A.*
Genuine bears Allen's signature.
If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

NOW SHE'S MAD.



Mr. Hunter—I'm going to India to hunt for six months.
Miss Catchem—And I suppose you will forget all about poor me.
Mr. Hunter—My dear, it will take a terribly fierce elephant to make me forget you.

Old Dog Signed His Will.

New Augusta, Miss.—The first case on record in this state of a dog making its own will, and of it being offered for probate, is reported here.

Fifteen years ago "Doc" McAllister, the largest planter in this section, died, leaving a pet bound. In his will he set aside \$250 for the care of the dog until death. Ford McAllister, the eldest son of the deceased, was given control.

"To be," the bound, died recently, leaving numerous progeny, of which

SIMILAR PREJUDICE.



Mistress—I didn't like the look of that man's face you had in the kitchen last night, Bridget!
Bridget—Just what he said about you, mum!

Genius.
Mrs. Kawsor—"How is Johnny getting along as a grocer's clerk?" Mrs. Crossway—"Well enough, I guess. He can tie up a package with a knot that you can't dandle to save your life, and yet it'll come untied itself as soon as you get on the train with it."

Young McAllister is very fond.

Desiring to preserve the bequest for the benefit of the pups, when the old hound was attacked by sickness, the boy drew up a will in proper form, witnessed by two citizens, and placing a pen between the claws of the aged dog, the animal made its cross mark.

Bagdad's trouble is the "Bagdad button," a sore that attacks practically every resident and visitor, and leaves a button-shaped, permanent scar.